



THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RADIO FAME!

# STRAIGHT ARROW

November  
No. 19 10c







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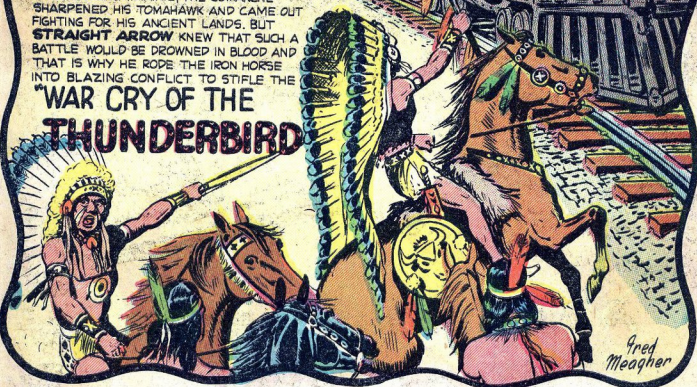
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# STRAIGHT ARROW

WHEN THE RAILROAD STREAKED ACROSS THE WESTERN PRAIRIE, THE COMANCHE SHARPENED HIS TOMAHAWK AND CAME OUT FIGHTING FOR HIS ANCIENT LANDS. BUT **STRAIGHT ARROW** KNEW THAT SUCH A BATTLE WOULD BE DROWNED IN BLOOD AND THAT IS WHY HE ROPE THE IRON HORSE INTO BLAZING CONFLICT TO STIFLE THE "WAR CRY OF THE THUNDERBIRD"



COMANCHE POW-WOW!

WE **MUST** DESTROY THE IRON HORSE, BLUE HAWK—OR LOSE OUR ANCIENT LANDS!

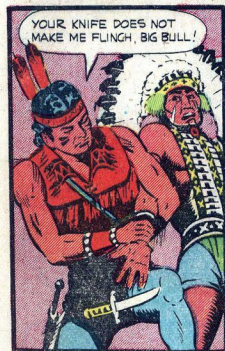
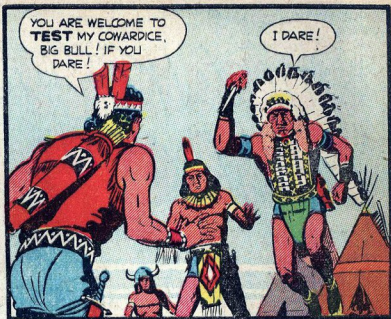
YOU ARE OUR WAR LEADER, BLUE HAWK. ONLY YOU CAN COMMAND OUR WARRIORS TO VICTORY! SAY THE WORD!

**STRAIGHT ARROW!**

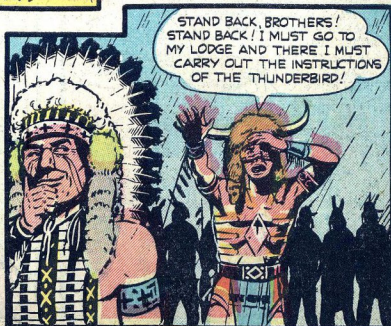
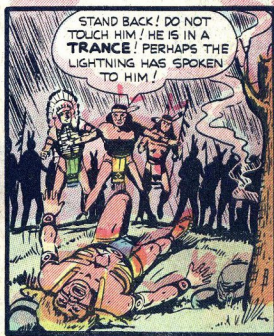
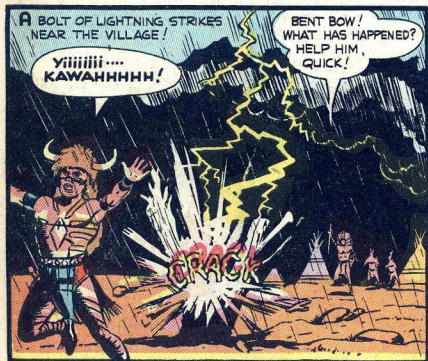
COMANCHES, I COUNSEL PEACE! I TELL YOU THE IRON HORSE IS HERE TO STAY! WE ARE POWERLESS TO STOP IT!

IF WE DESTROY ONE IRON HORSE, THE WHITE MAN WILL SEND HUNDREDS MORE! AND THOUSANDS OF LONG KNIVES WILL COME TO LAY WASTE TO OUR VILLAGES!

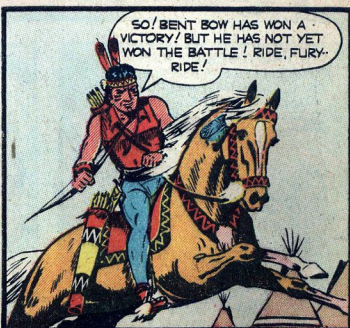




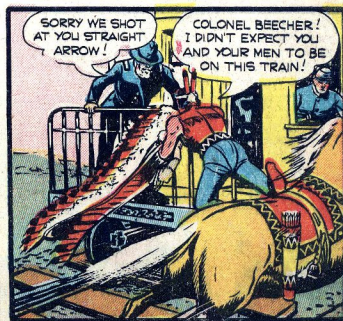
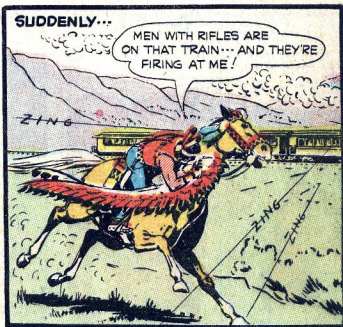
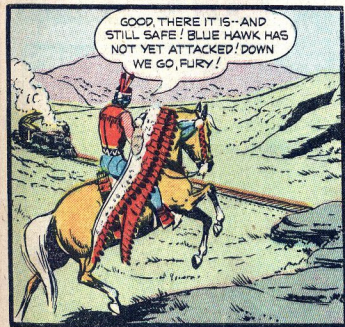
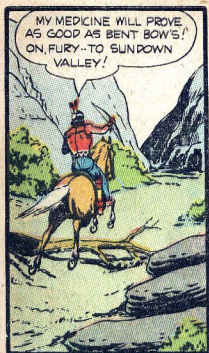












COLONEL BEECHER! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU AND YOUR MEN TO BE ON THIS TRAIN!





WE HEARD THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE FROM THE COMANCHES! IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP THIS TRAIN, WE'LL CUT OUR WAY THROUGH WITH HOT LEAD!



MY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID THEIR LANDS WILL BE TAKEN FROM THEM AND THAT IS WHY THEY FIGHT, COLONEL. MY ONLY WISH IS TO PREVENT BLOODSHED...

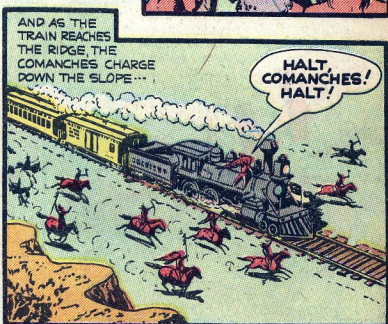


...AND THEREFORE YOU MUST LET ME DO IT MY WAY! THERE WILL BE A LONG AND TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER UNLESS THIS WAR IS STOPPED, NOW--BEFORE IT BEGINS!



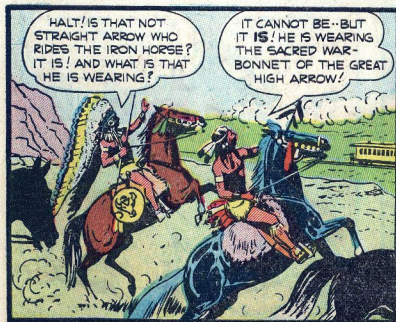
GO TO IT, STRAIGHT ARROW! BUT I WARN YOU--MY MEN ARE KEEPING THEIR RIFLES READY!

I WON'T FAIL, COLONEL! I MUST NOT FAIL!



AND AS THE TRAIN REACHES THE RIDGE, THE COMANCHES CHARGE DOWN THE SLOPE...

HALT, COMANCHES! HALT!



HALT! IS THAT NOT STRAIGHT ARROW WHO RIDES THE IRON HORSE? IT IS! AND WHAT IS THAT HE IS WEARING?

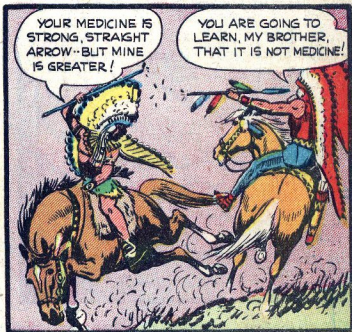
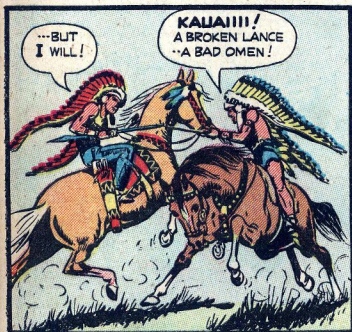
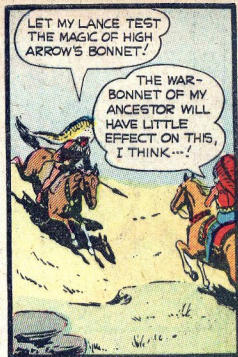
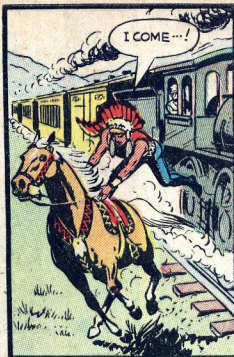
IT CANNOT BE--BUT IT IS! HE IS WEARING THE SACRED WAR-BONNET OF THE GREAT HIGH ARROW!



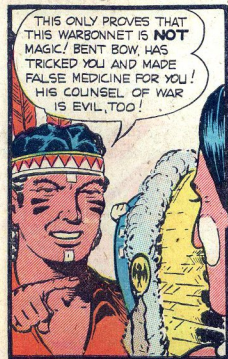
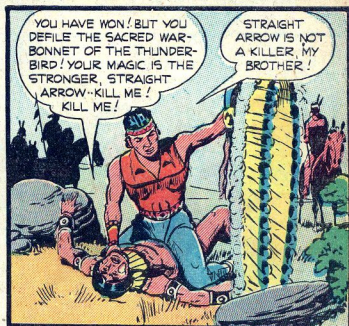
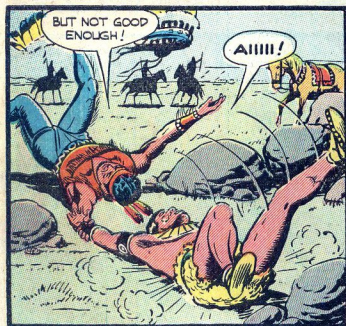
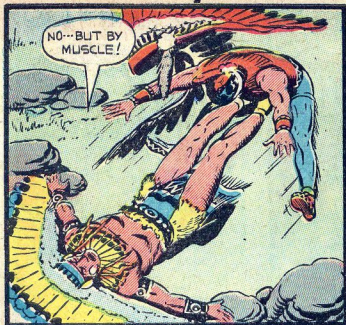
THEN WE MUST NOT FIGHT--FOR THE MEDICINE OF HIGH ARROW'S BONNET IS STRONG!

THE MEDICINE OF YOUR BONNET IS STRONGER, BLUE HAWK! THE THUNDER-BIRD DESIRES A CONTEST--TO TEST THE MAGIC OF YOUR WAR HAT! YOU MUST CHALLENGE!











# YES! YOU PLAY SONG HITS INSTANTLY!



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Amazing!  
MY KIDS PLAY  
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# STRAIGHT ARROW

THE OUTLAWS WHO CHECKERED THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST WERE AN ODDLY ASSORTED CREW; THEIR BACKGROUNDS INCLUDED EVERY KNOWN WALK OF LIFE. A FEW TRIED, WITH VARYING SUCCESS, TO APPLY SPECIALIZED KNOWLEDGE TO THEIR WILD AND RECKLESS TRADE. BUT NONE EVER HITCHED HIS PAST EXPERIENCE TO A MORE EVIL GENIUS THAN THE OUTLAW CHIEF WHO CHALLENGED **STRAIGHT ARROW** WITH

**"THE DESERT  
DEMON!"**

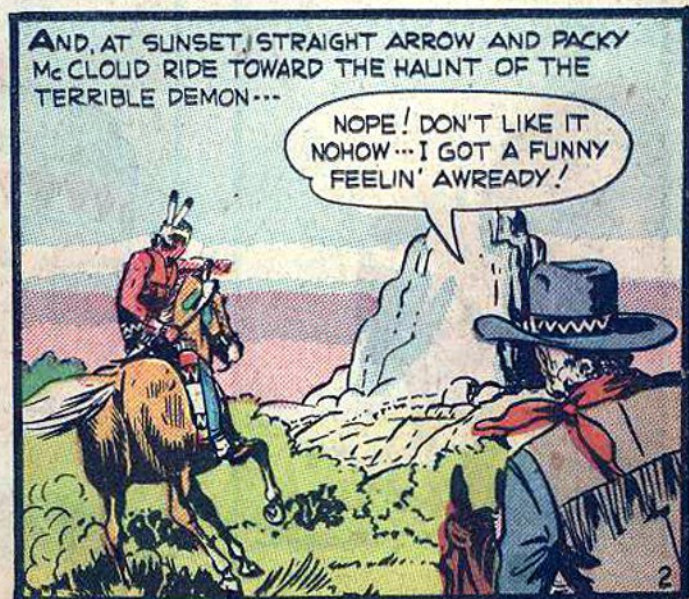
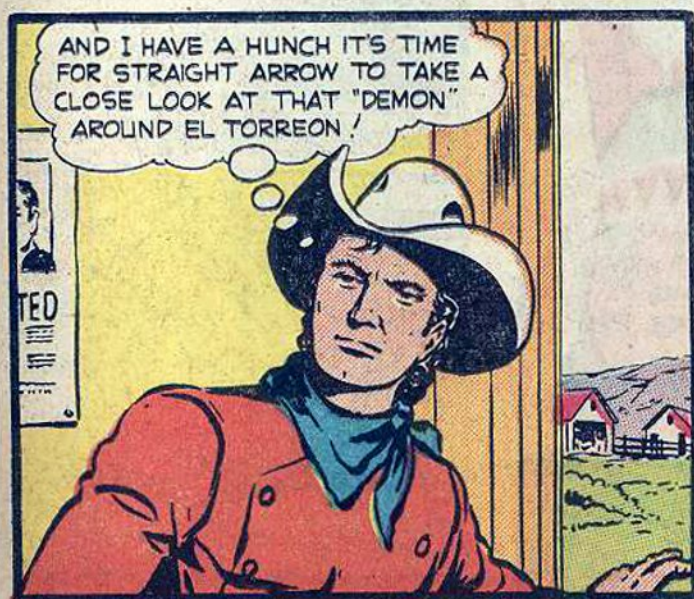
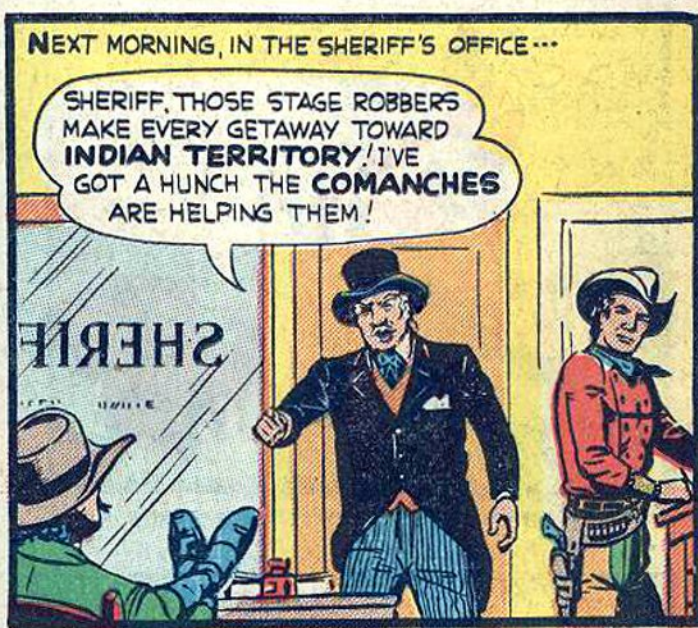
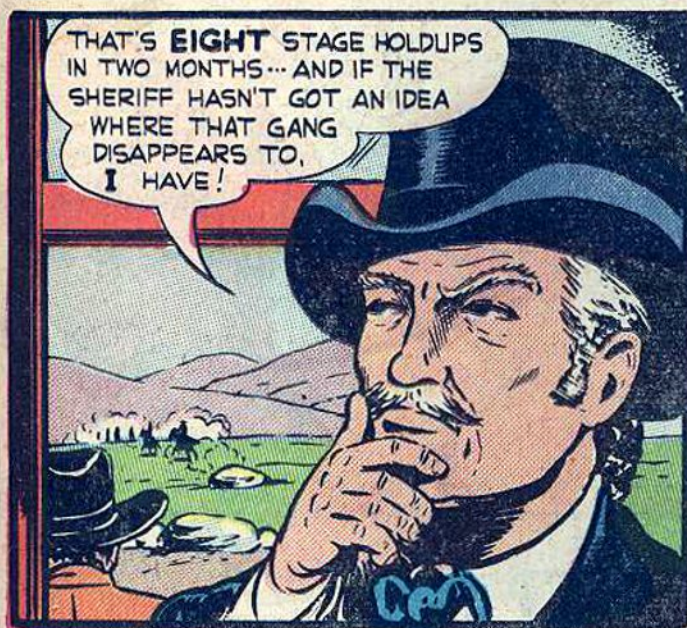
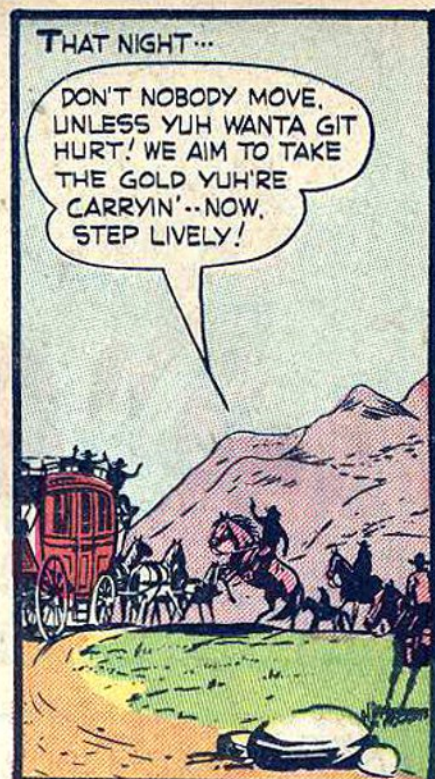
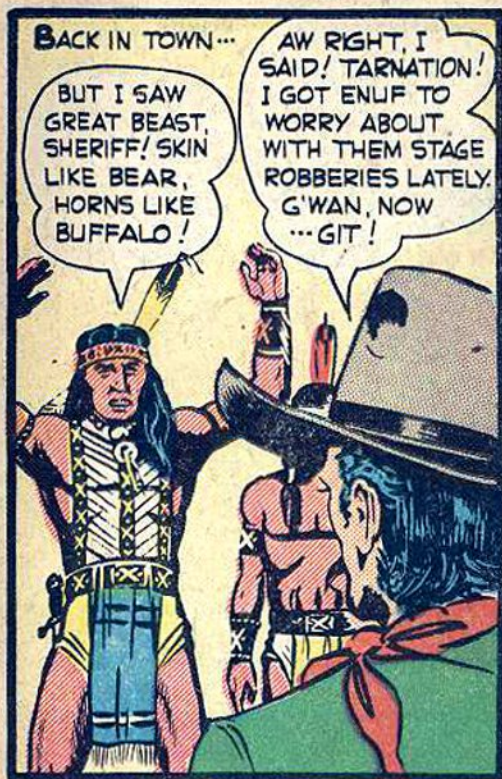
Gred Meagher

THERE, PANTHER-SKIN,  
IS MOUND WHICH SPANISH  
NAMED **EL TORREON**  
... "THE TOWER."  
LET US GO BACK.

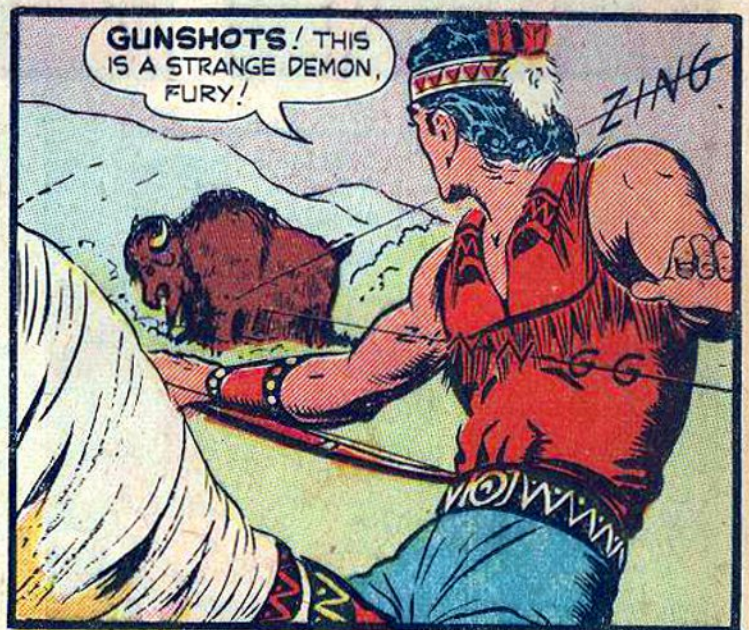
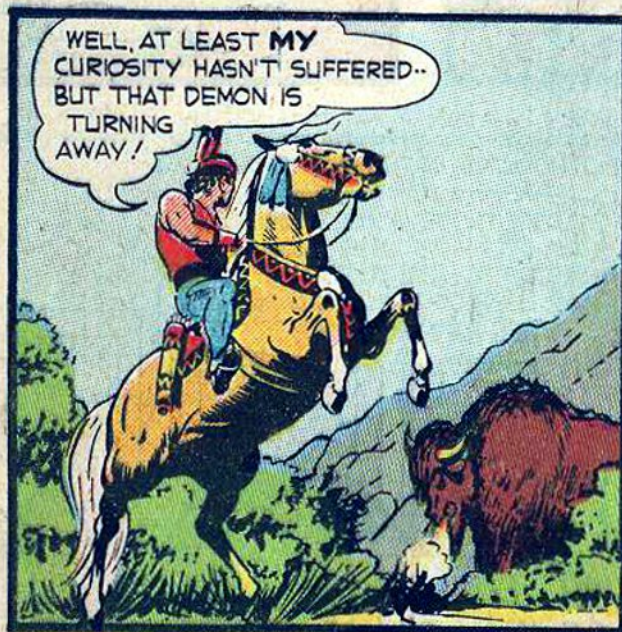
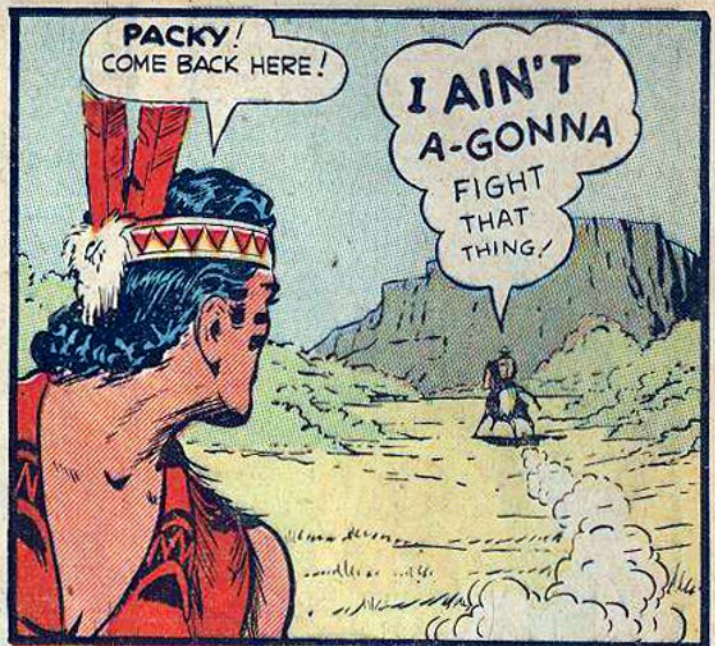
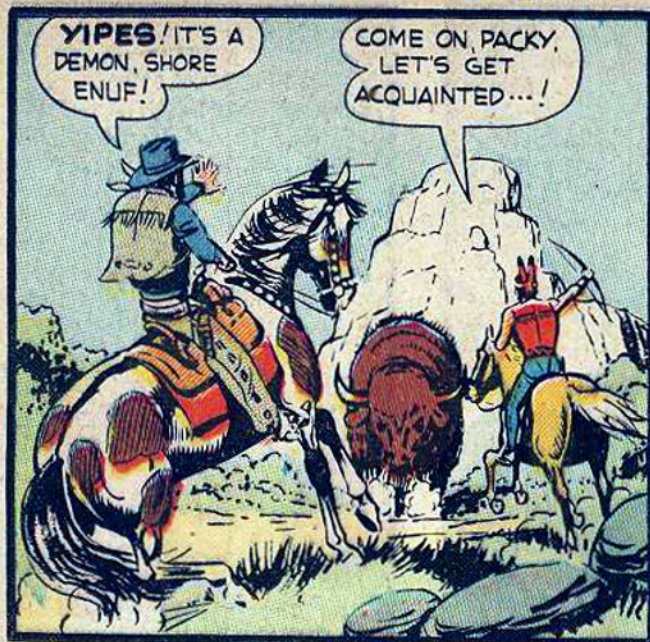
DOES LONG HAIR  
FEAR THAT  
"DEMON BUFFALO-  
BEAR" WHICH  
OTHERS **CLAIM**  
THEY SAW?

BUT LOOK...  
I **SEE** IT! THE  
**DEMON BUFFALO-  
BEAR!**













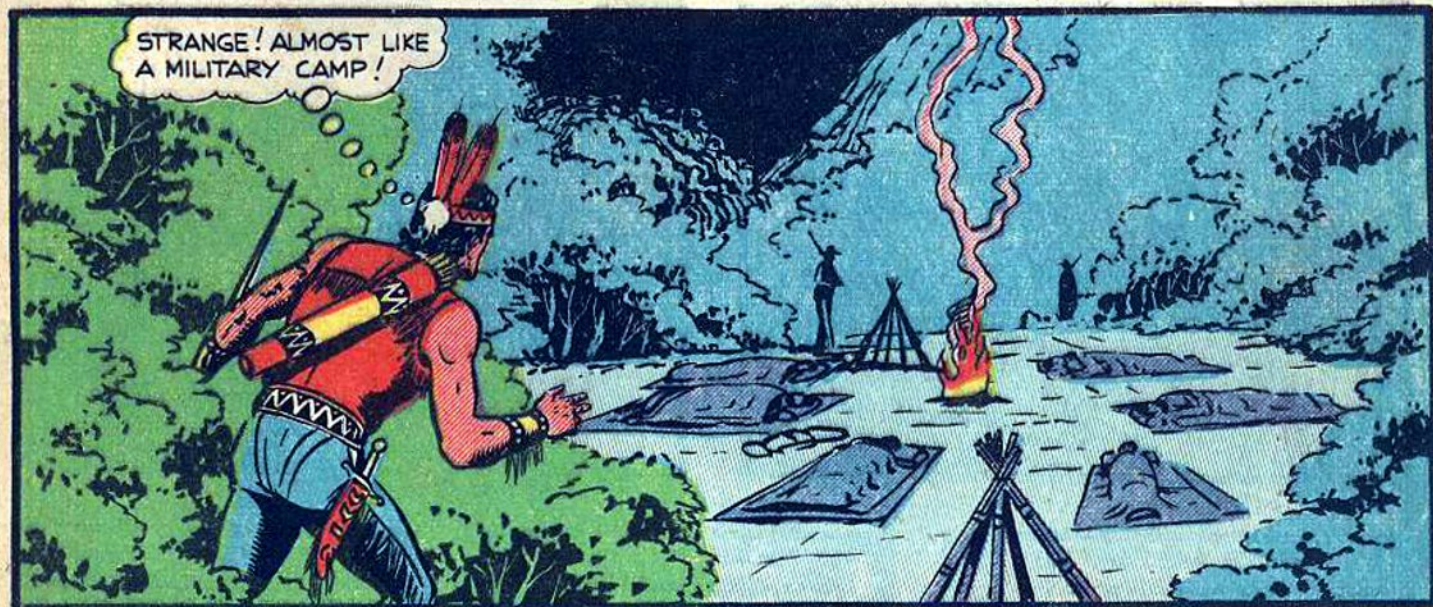
A WHOLE RING OF SENTINELS! THIS WON'T BE SO EASY!



NOW, WHILE THAT CLOUD COVERS THE MOON---



MADE IT!



STRANGE! ALMOST LIKE A MILITARY CAMP!

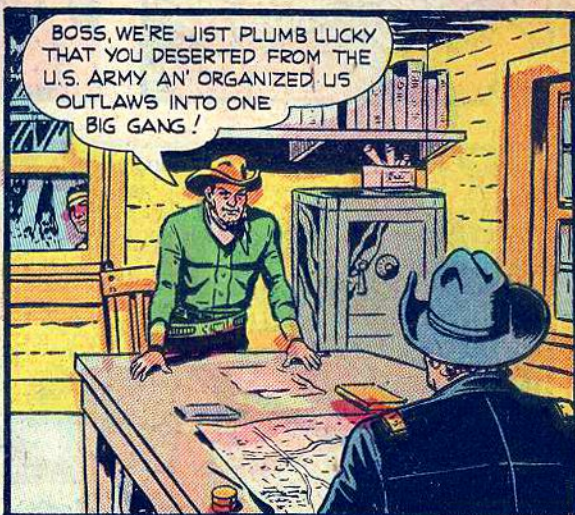
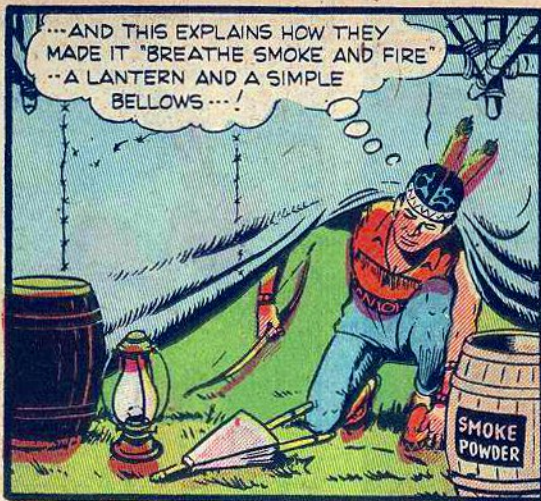


ENOUGH TO SCARE ALMOST ANYBODY!

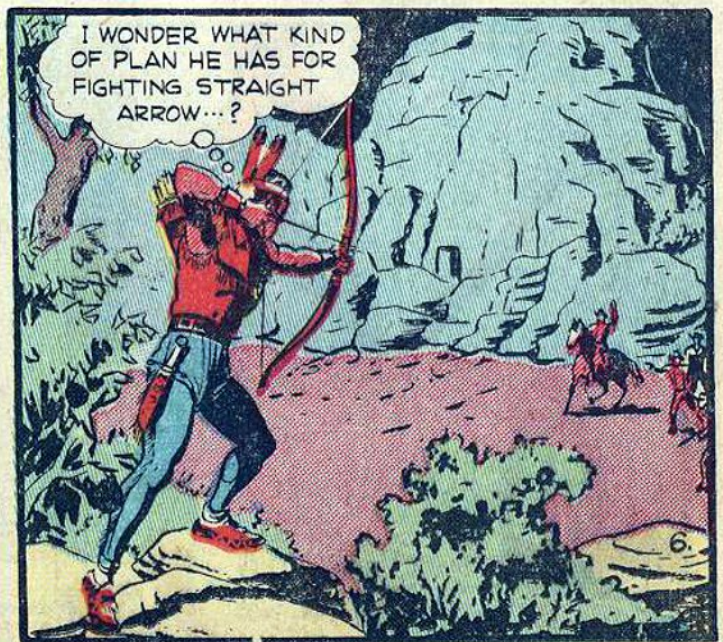


SO THIS IS THE "DEVIL-DEMON"! A BUFFALO-HEAD-- BUFFALO-SKINS SEWN TOGETHER ON A WIRE FRAME---BIG ENOUGH FOR MEN TO GET INSIDE---





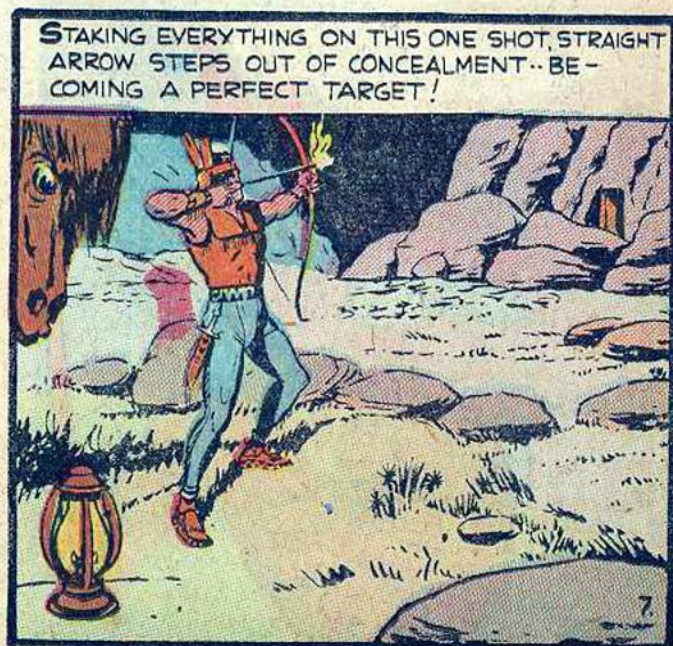
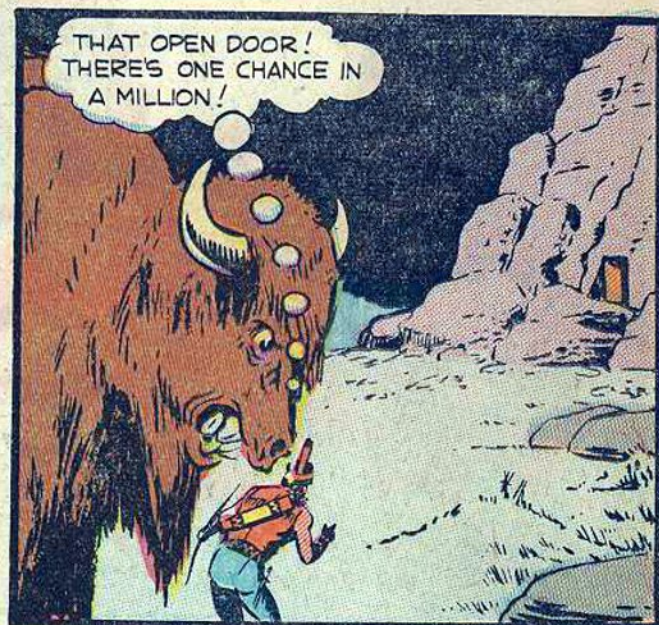
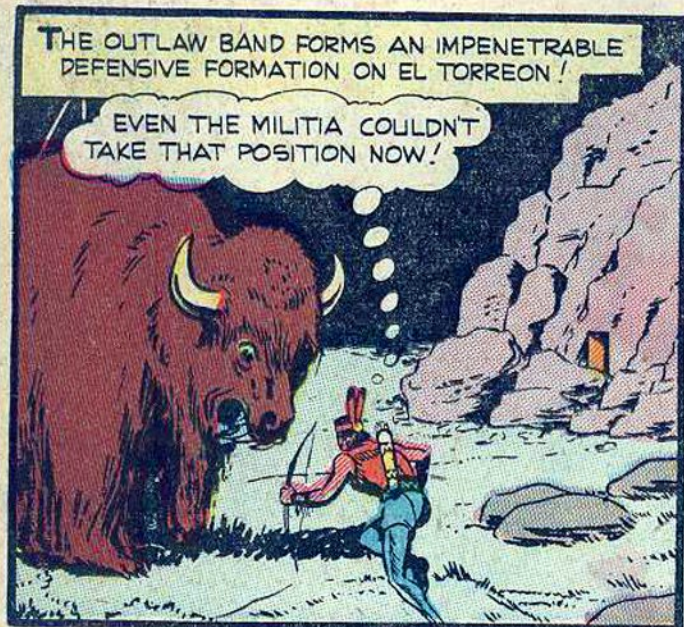




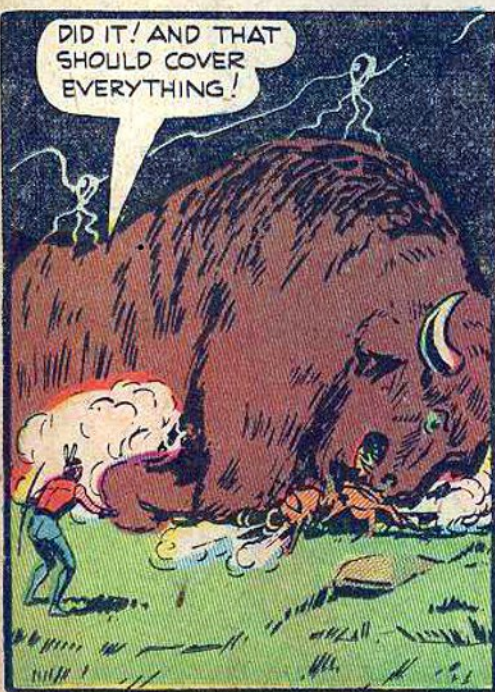
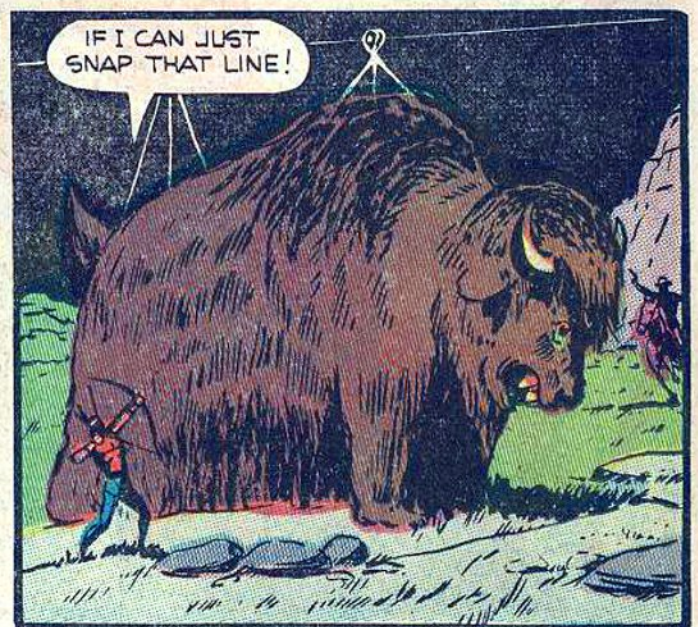




FINALLY, REALIZING THAT HIS MEN ARE BECOMING DEMORALIZED BY THIS UNSEEN ENEMY, THE OUTLAW LEADER ORDERS...









# RED HAWK



THERE IS AN OLD PLAINS INDIAN LEGEND THAT THE SOULS OF DEAD WARRIORS AND THEIR FAMILIES GO TO THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN, WHERE ALL ARE REUNITED IN A GREAT CAVERN OF GLOWING ROCKS, TEEMING WITH HERDS OF BUFFALO, WHERE ALL THE TRIBES SHALL LIVE IN PEACE... TO YOUNG **SPEARTHROWER** OF THE CHEYENNE TRIBE, THAT LEGEND BECAME MORE THAN AN OLD FOLKS' TALE TO BE TOLD BY THE TEPEE FIRES—FOR SPEARTHROWER'S PRETTY BRIDE WAS DEAD, AND THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR WOULD FIND NO PEACE UNTIL HE JOURNEYED WITH **RED HAWK** AND **BIGFOOT** TO

**"The Happy Hunting Grounds!"**

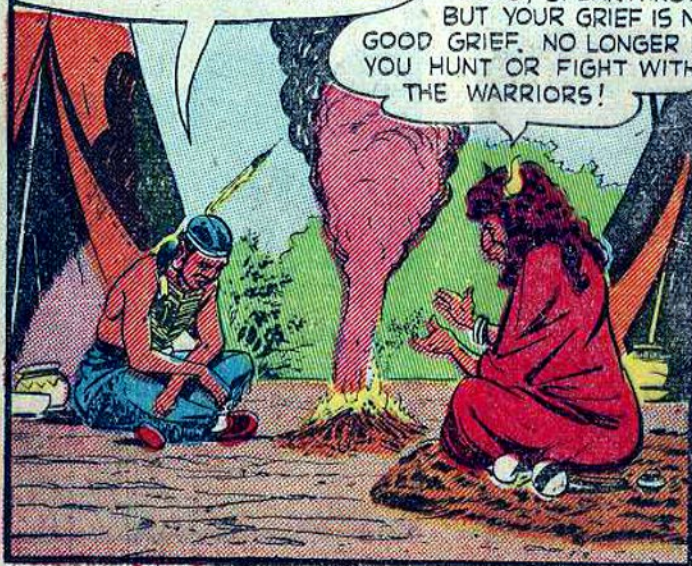
**BITTER HERBS SMOKE IN THE CAMPFIRES OF TALL CALF, CHEYENNE MEDICINE MAN...**

MY LOVELY WATER WILLOW—DEAD FOR TWO MOONS! GONE FROM MY TEPEE—!

IT IS PROPER TO GRIEVE FOR THE DEAD, SPEARTHROWER BUT YOUR GRIEF IS NOT GOOD GRIEF. NO LONGER DO YOU HUNT OR FIGHT WITH THE WARRIORS!

NO LONGER DO YOU DON THE WARPAINT! ALL YOU DO IS SIT AND BROOD IN THE SHADOW OF YOUR CAMPFIRES!

WHAT ELSE CAN I DO! MY BRIDE HAS DIED AND LEFT ME! MY HEART IS TURNED TO STONE IN MY CHEST!





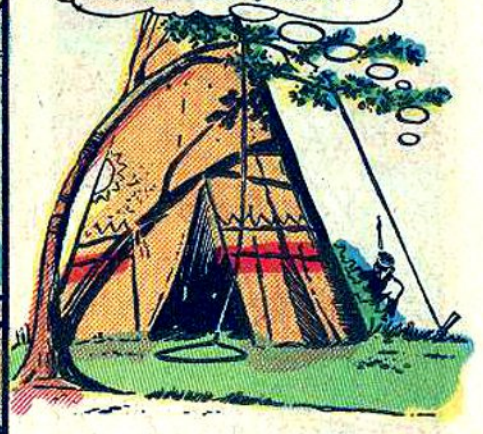
SHE HAS GONE WESTWARD, TO THE CAVERNS OF THE NEVER-NEVER LAND! SHE IS THERE—WAITING FOR ME! PERHAPS I SHALL GO THERE AND FIND HER!

YOUR WITS ARE TOUCHED! ARE YOU MAD, SPEARTHROWER?

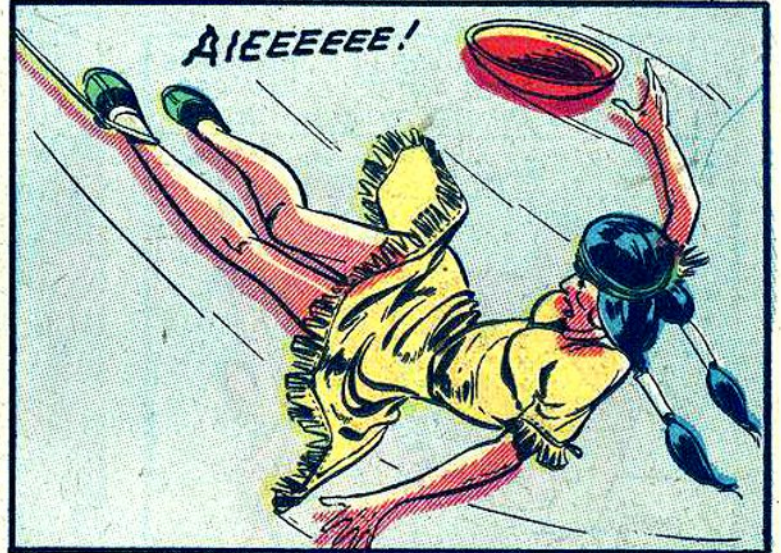
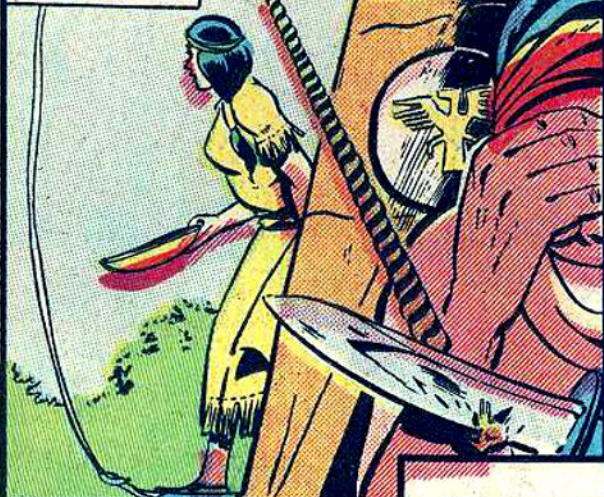
MAD? NO! I WILL RIDE WEST—WEST TO THE SETTING SUN! I WILL FIND MY BRIDE AND BRING HER BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CHEYENNE CAMP, RED HAWK LIES QUIET, AS IF ASLEEP...

BIG BULL MAY BE THE SON OF THE CHIEF—BUT THAT DOESN'T GIVE HIM ANY RIGHT TO USE MY ARROWS! WHEN HE COMES OUT OF HIS TEPEE—OH, BOY!



ONLY IT IS **NOT** BIG BULL WHO EMERGES FROM THE CHIEF'S TEPEE, BUT MOONRISE, HIS WIFE—!



FOR ONE HORRIFIED MOMENT, RED HAWK STARES WITH INCREDULOUS EYES—

OH—NO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT—MOONRISE!

RED HAWK LEAVES THE CHEYENNE TEPEES IN A CLOUD OF DUST...!

RUN, MOONLIGHT! WHITE BULL, THE CHIEF, WILL SCALP ME ALIVE FOR WHAT I'VE DONE!



SOME HOURS LATER, AS RED HAWK REINS IN HIS PANTING PONY, HIGH IN THE TIMBER BELT THAT FRAMES THE WATERS OF THE WASHITA RIVER...

BIGFOOT—AND THE SPEARTHROWER! DID WHITE BULL SEND YOU AFTER ME?

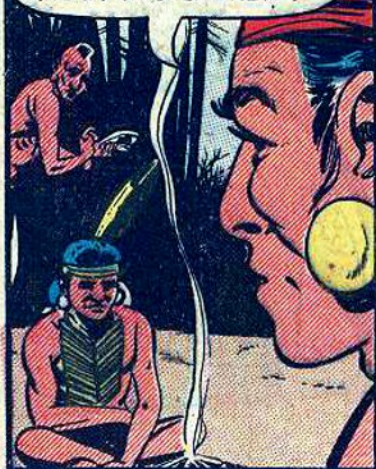
NO. I GO WEST, RED HAWK—TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD, TO FIND WATER WILLOW!





OVER A TINY FIRE, WHERE AN ANTELOPE STEAK ROASTS, SPEARTHROWER TELLS HIS STORY. WHEN HE LEANS BACK, EYES SAD, RED HAWK RISES ABRUPTLY...

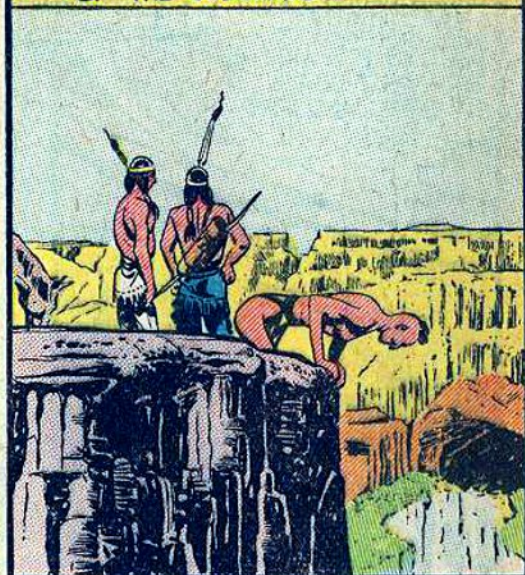
THE WAKAN TANKA HAS SPOKEN!



THE GREAT SPIRIT WISHES ME TO REMAIN AWAY FROM WHITE BULL'S ANGER! HE HAS SENT YOU WITH A QUEST ALONG THE SAME TRAIL I RIDE. GOOD! BIG-FOOT AND I SHALL JOIN YOU!

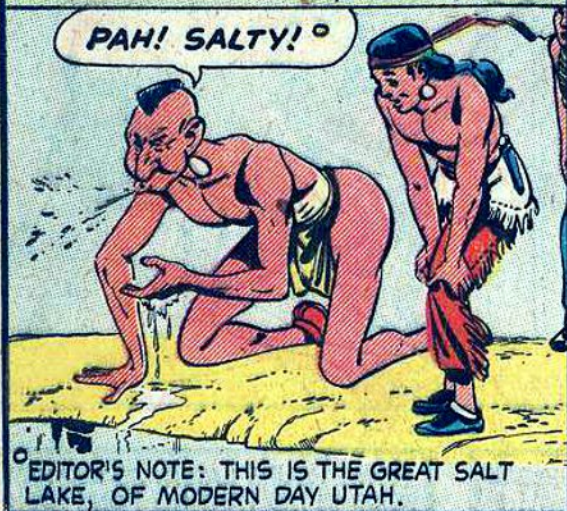


THE THREE ADVENTURERS MOVE STEADILY WESTWARD, ACROSS THE GRAND CANYONS OF THE COLORADO —



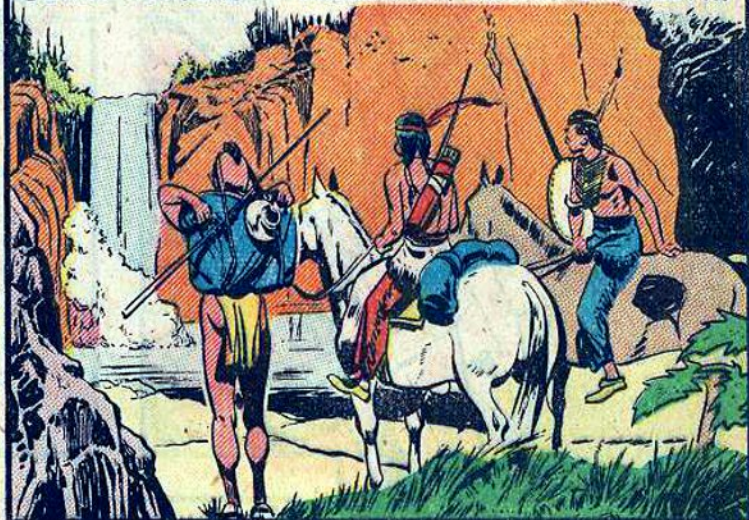
THEY MOVE NORTHWARD, UNTIL THEY COME TO A LAKE WHOSE WATERS GLEAM RED IN THE RAYS OF THE DYING SUN...

PAH! SALTY!



EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS IS THE GREAT SALT LAKE, OF MODERN DAY UTAH.

ONE MORNING, THROUGH THE MISTS, THEY SIGHT THE SCENIC WONDERS OF PRESENT-DAY YOSEMITE VALLEY...



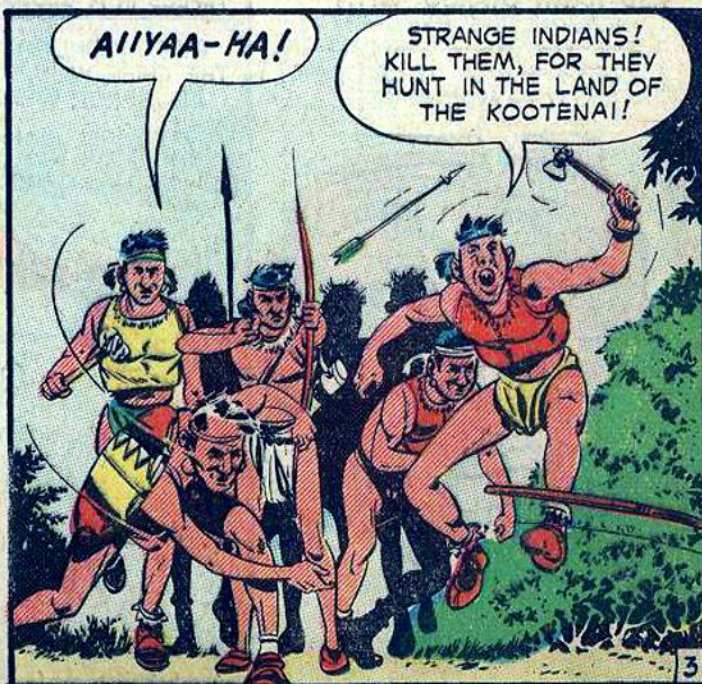
AND THEN—TO SHATTER THE SPELL OF THIS PEACEFUL VALLEY—COMES A SINGING WAR ARROW...

YA HAPAYO! LOOK OUT! DUCK DOWN!

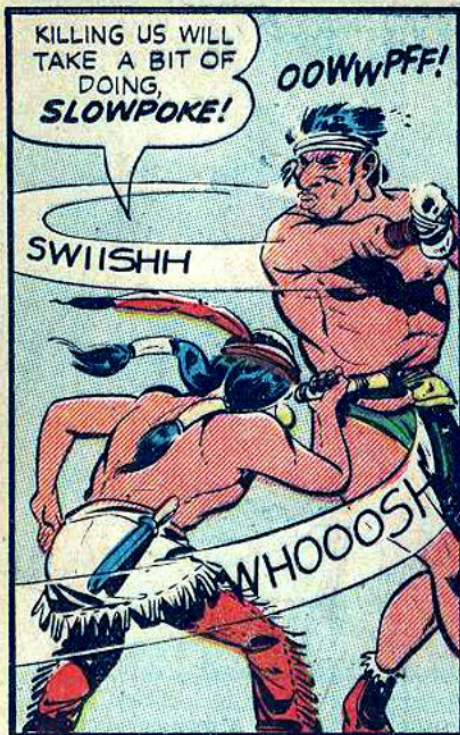


AIYYAA-HA!

STRANGE INDIANS! KILL THEM, FOR THEY HUNT IN THE LAND OF THE KOOTENAI!









**BOLDLY, WITH LIFTED CHIN AND FIRM STRIDE, RED HAWK WALKS AMONG THE KOOTENAI TEPEES...**

WE WILL ASK THEM WHERE THE CAVERN OF THE DEAD CAN BE FOUND! SURELY, THEY LIVE CLOSE TO THE STRANGE REALMS OF THE NEVER-NEVER LAND!



**SUDDENLY, SPEARTHROWER ACTS AS IF HE HAS GONE MAD! WITH A SHRILL SCREAM, HE LEAPS FROM RED HAWK, AND RUNS LIKE A FRIGHTENED ANTELOPE!**

**Aiiyyaa! SPEARTHROWER!**  
COME BACK HERE! HAVE YOU EATEN OF THE LOCO BUSH? YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!



COME! SEE WHAT I HAVE FOUND?

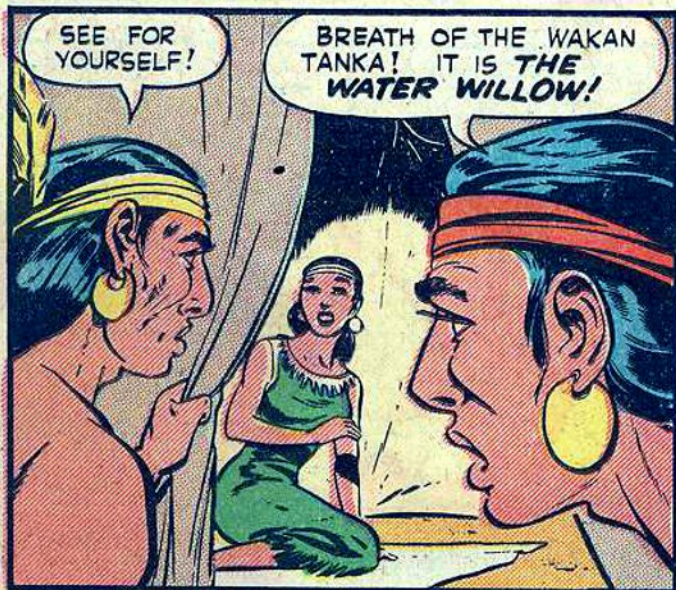
WHAT IS IT?



POOR SPEARTHROWER! IT DOES NOT DAWN ON HIM THAT NATURE MAY PLAY A PRANK AND CAUSE TWO GIRLS TO LOOK ALIKE, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE NOT SISTERS...

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

BREATH OF THE WAKAN TANKA! IT IS **THE WATER WILLOW!**



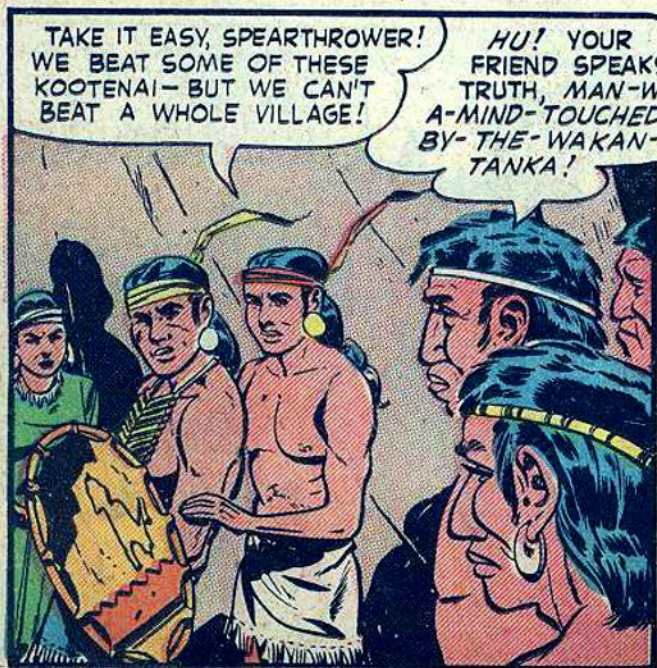
WATER WILLOW! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I AM SPEARTHROWER, YOUR HUSBAND!

YOU CRAZY FOOL! MY NAME IS NIGHT WINDS! I AM NOT MARRIED!



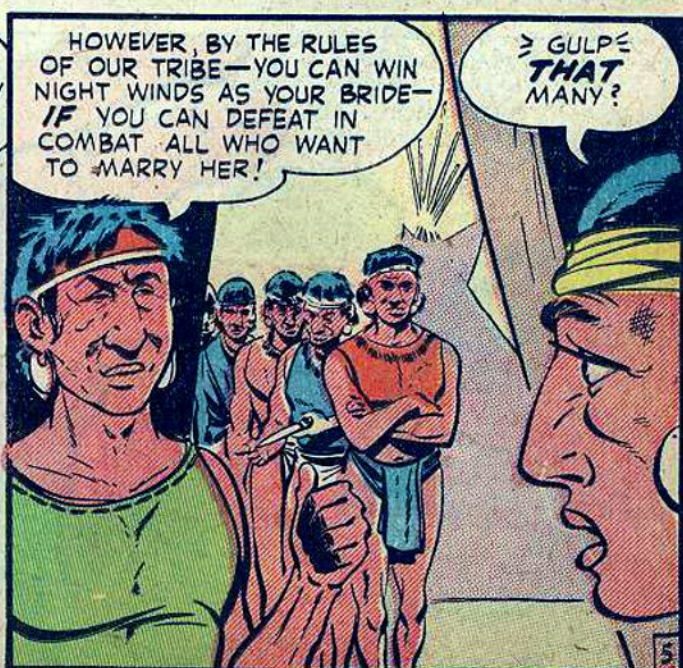
TAKE IT EASY, SPEARTHROWER! WE BEAT SOME OF THESE KOOTENAI—BUT WE CAN'T BEAT A WHOLE VILLAGE!

HU! YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS TRUTH, MAN—WITH A-MIND-TOUCHED-BY-THE-WAKAN-TANKA!



HOWEVER, BY THE RULES OF OUR TRIBE—YOU CAN WIN NIGHT WINDS AS YOUR BRIDE—IF YOU CAN DEFEAT IN COMBAT ALL WHO WANT TO MARRY HER!

≥ GULPE **THAT** MANY?





A KOOTENAI TEPEE IS GIVEN THE THREE WANDERERS. SPEARTHROWER IS ASLEEP WITH THE SETTING OF THE SUN, BUT BY DAWN—

I AM HOT... **HOT!** MY FLESH BURNS WITH FEVER. YET I MUST FIGHT TODAY FOR WATER WILLOW!

HE WILL NOT FIGHT TODAY! HE IS **SICK!**



**HU!** I HAVE THE MASK THAT THOSE WHO FIGHT FOR A MAIDEN MUST WEAR. BUT SPEARTHROWER WON'T FIGHT TODAY—YET, IF HE LOSES THIS **SECOND** WATER WILLOW, HIS HEART WILL BREAK FROM SADNESS!

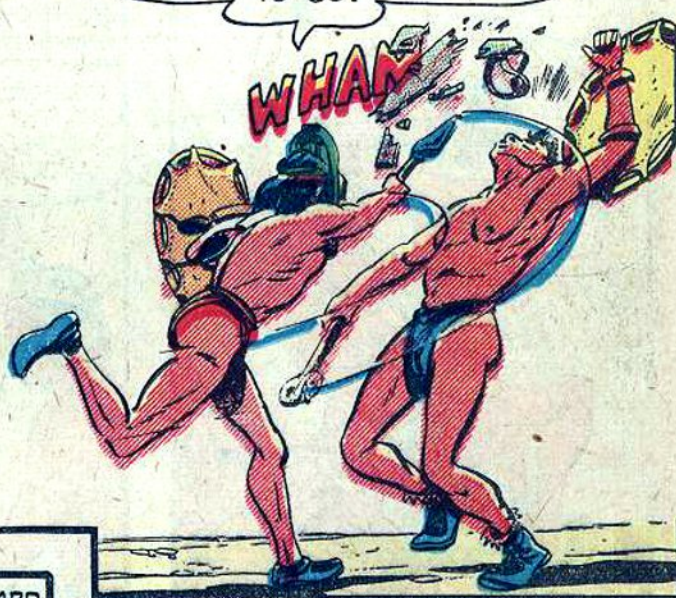


AS THE MORNING SUN RISES IN THE SKY, RED HAWK LEAPS FORWARD IN THE FIRST OF THE MANY HAND-TO-HAND COMBATS...

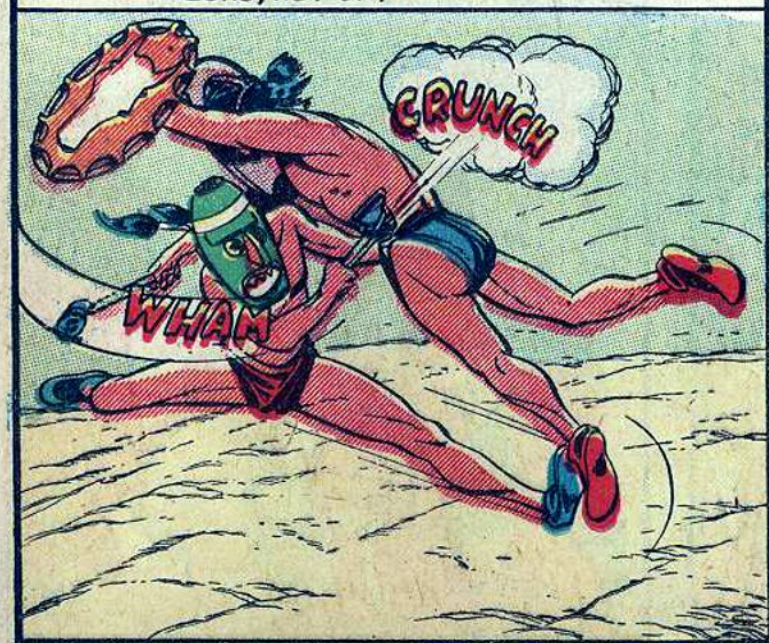
I DON'T KNOW HOW I GET MIXED UP IN THESE THINGS, BUT HERE I AM—ONE MAN FIGHTING TWENTY, TO SAVE A GIRL HE DOESN'T KNOW, FOR A CRAZY MAN!



ONE DOWN—ONLY NINETEEN TO GO!



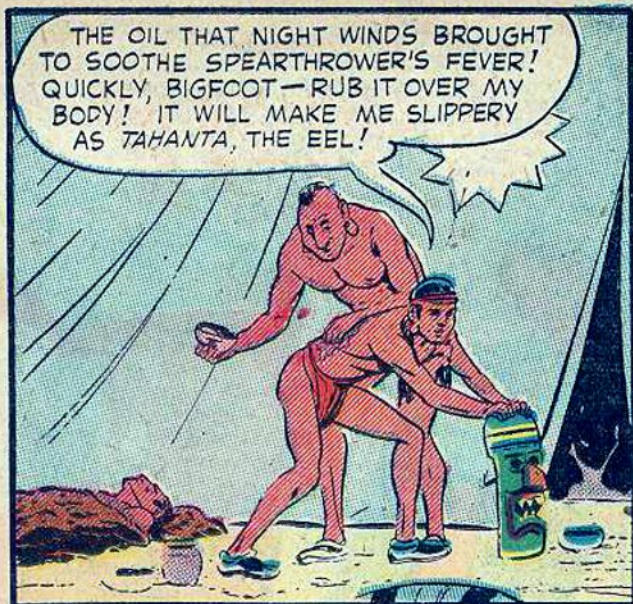
AGAIN AND AGAIN, RED HAWK HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD. HE USES A FIGHTING TRICK LEARNED FROM THE APACHES, ANOTHER FROM THE SIOUX, AS HE BATTLES THAT LONG, HOT DAY—



I'VE BEATEN FIVE OF THEM, BUT I'M EXHAUSTED! WHAT'LL I DO, BIGFOOT? I CAN'T BEAT FIFTEEN **MORE** OF THEM, UNLESS—UNLESS—





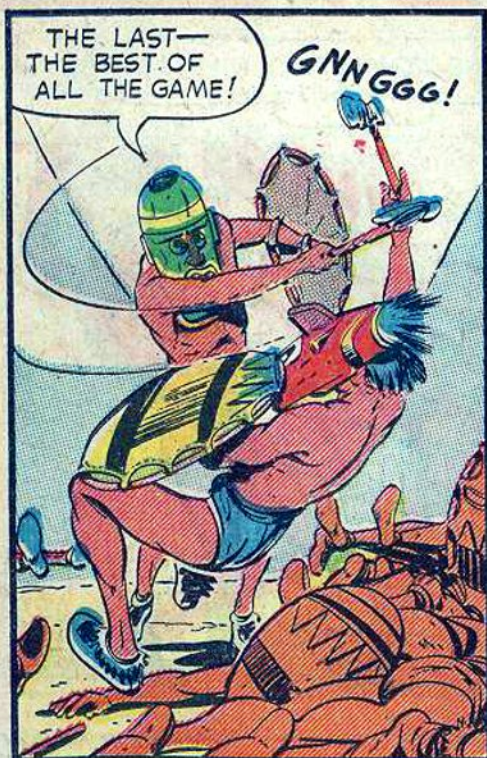


THE OIL THAT NIGHT WINDS BROUGHT TO SOOTHE SPEARTHROWER'S FEVER! QUICKLY, BIGFOOT—RUB IT OVER MY BODY! IT WILL MAKE ME SLIPPERY AS TAHANTA, THE EEL!



WITH THE CHEYENNE WARCRY BUBBLING ON HIS LIPS, RED HAWK LEAPS FORWARD. IN AND OUT OF THE FIFTEEN KOOTENAI WARRIORS, HIS WARCLUB LIFTS AND FALLS...

THEIR WEAPONS SLIDE OFF MY OILY FLESH WHILE **MINE** HITS HARD!



THE LAST—THE BEST OF ALL THE GAME!

GNNGGG!

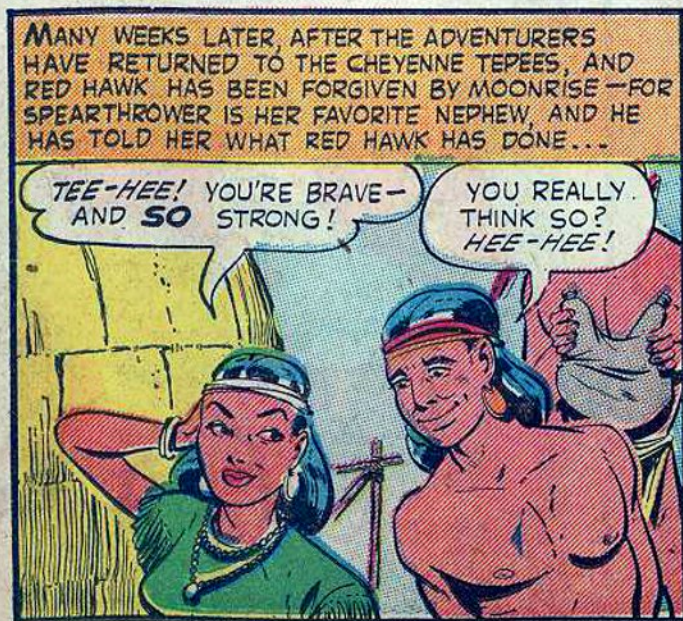


WHEN SPEARTHROWER'S FEVER HAS BROKEN, HIS EYES ARE ONCE MORE CLEAR, AND NOW HE KNOWS NIGHT WINDS IS NOT WATER WILLOW...

YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO THE TEPEES OF MY PEOPLE! I HAVE FOUND ANOTHER BRIDE!



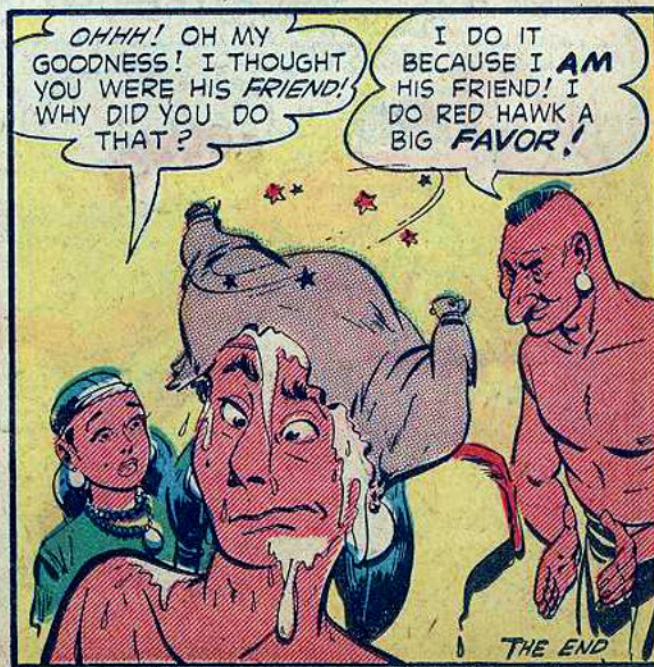
LOOK AT THEM! DISGUSTING! IF I EVER ACT THAT WAY OVER A GIRL—DO ME A FAVOR AND **SOCK** ME ONE, BIGFOOT!



MANY WEEKS LATER, AFTER THE ADVENTURERS HAVE RETURNED TO THE CHEYENNE TEPEES, AND RED HAWK HAS BEEN FORGIVEN BY MOONRISE—FOR SPEARTHROWER IS HER FAVORITE NEPHEW, AND HE HAS TOLD HER WHAT RED HAWK HAS DONE...

TEE-HEE! YOU'RE BRAVE—AND **SO** STRONG!

YOU REALLY THINK SO? HEE-HEE!

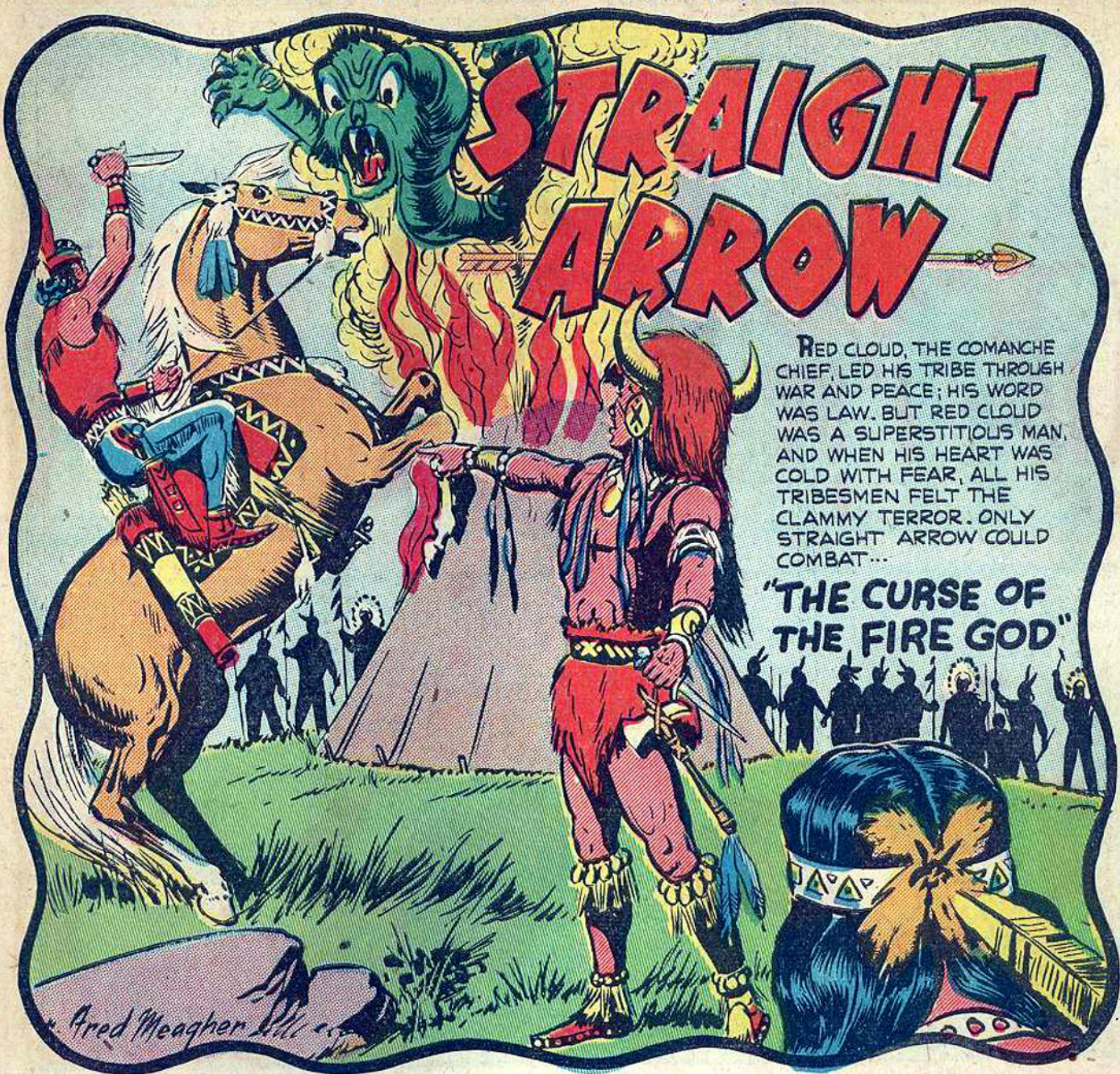


OH! OH MY GOODNESS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HIS FRIEND! WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

I DO IT BECAUSE I **AM** HIS FRIEND! I DO RED HAWK A BIG **FAVOR**!

THE END



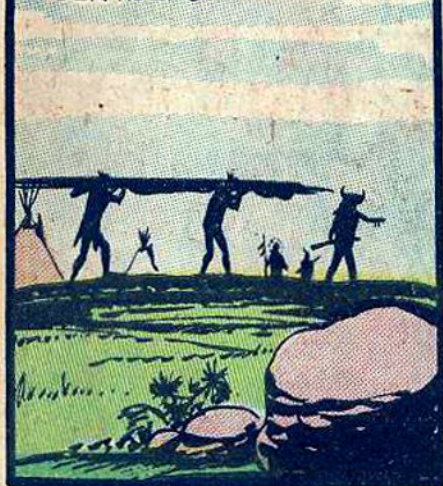








THE CHIEF ORDERS HIS BRAVES TO ASSIST ROARING FLAME, THE MEDICINE MAN. THEY CARRY TALL TREE'S TEPEE OUT TO THE PRAYER GROUNDS WHERE IT IS LEFT FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

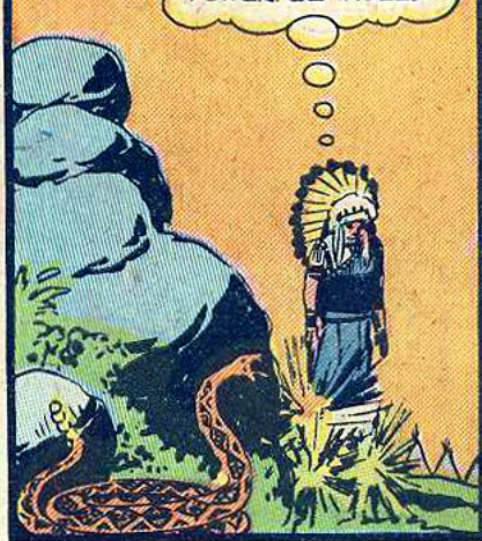


AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AFTER AN EERIE INCANTATION BY ROARING FLAME...



NEXT AFTERNOON...

WOE IS MY TRIBE! THE FIRE GOD'S CURSE IS POWERFUL INDEED...



UNAWARE, THE TROUBLED CHIEF KEEPS WALKING TOWARDS DEATH...

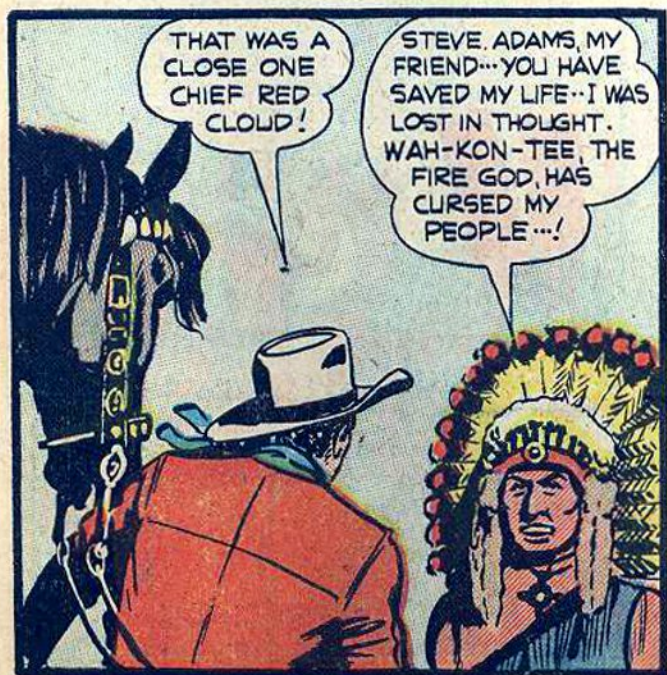


SUDDENLY...



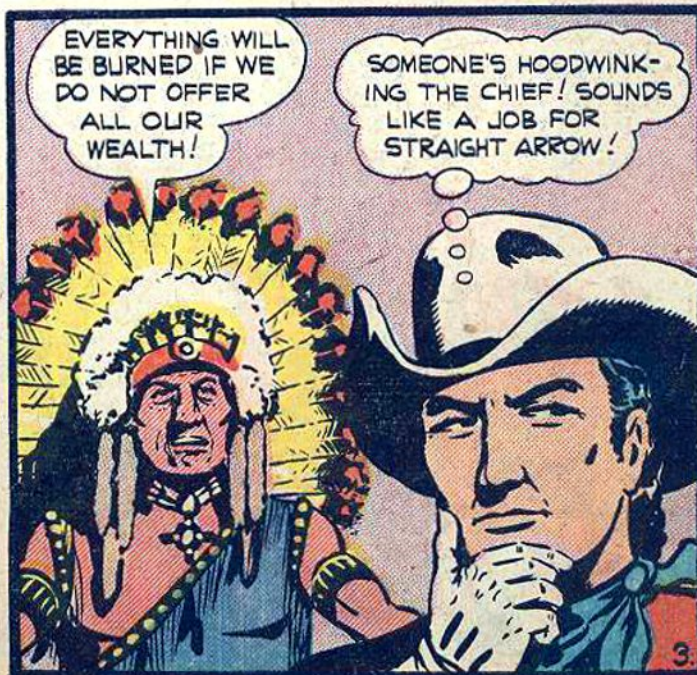
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE CHIEF RED CLOUD!

STEVE ADAMS, MY FRIEND... YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE... I WAS LOST IN THOUGHT. WAH-KON-TEE, THE FIRE GOD, HAS CURSED MY PEOPLE...!

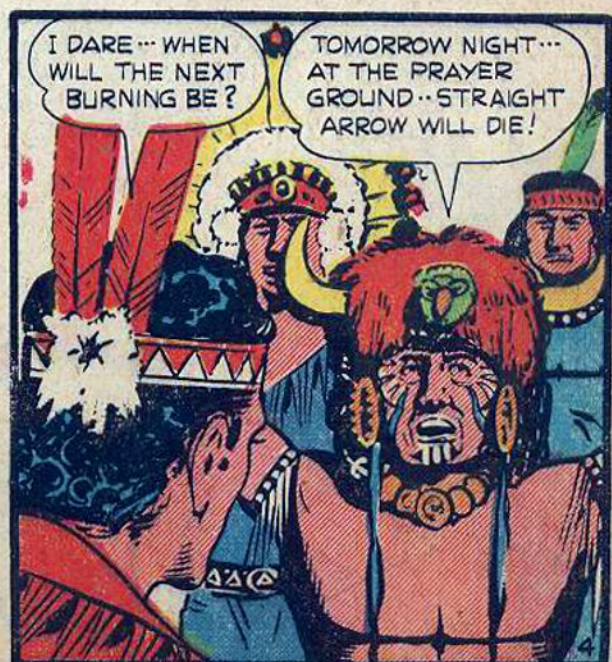
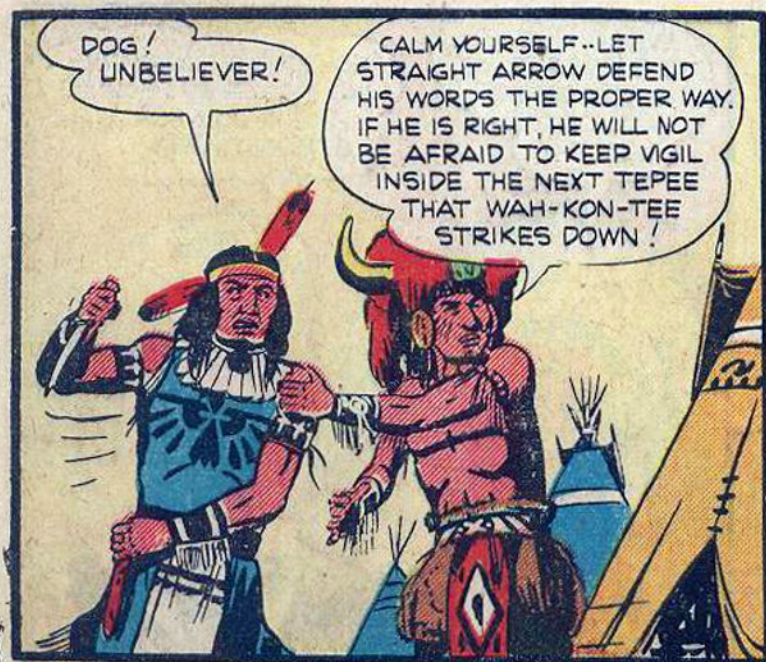
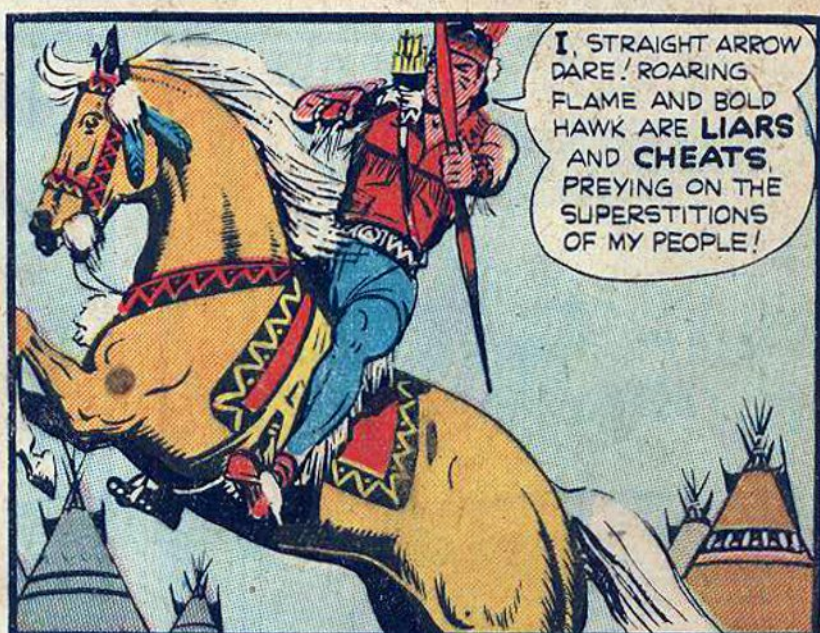
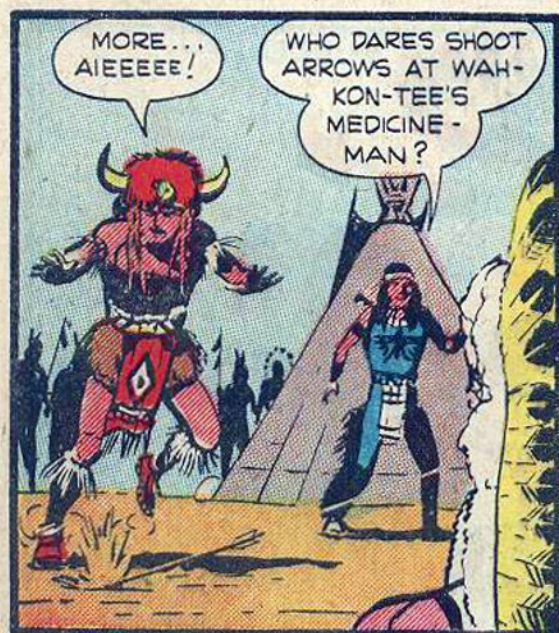
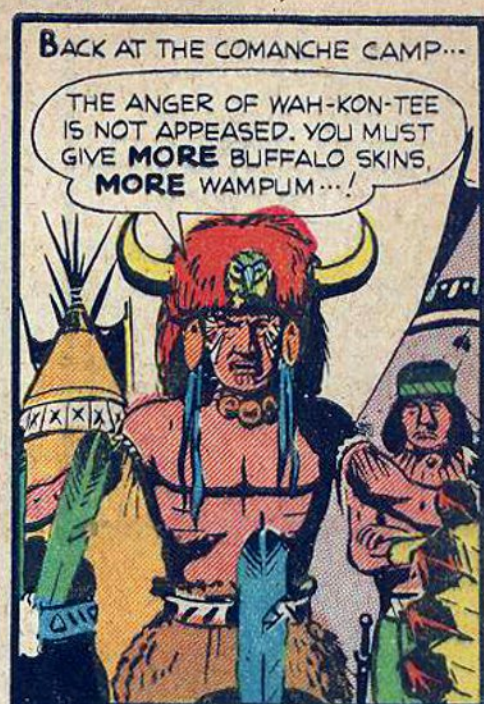
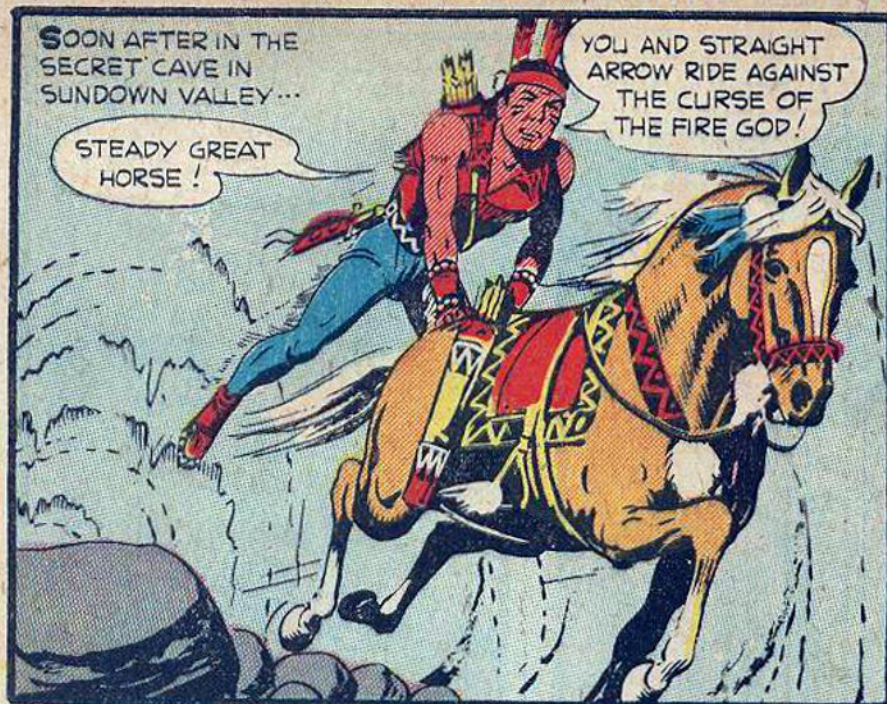


EVERYTHING WILL BE BURNED IF WE DO NOT OFFER ALL OUR WEALTH!

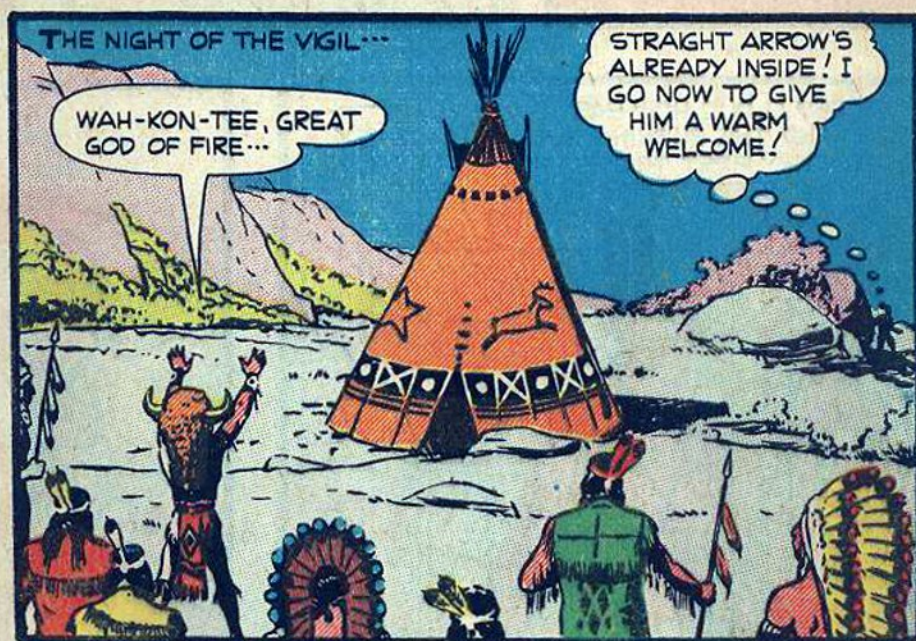
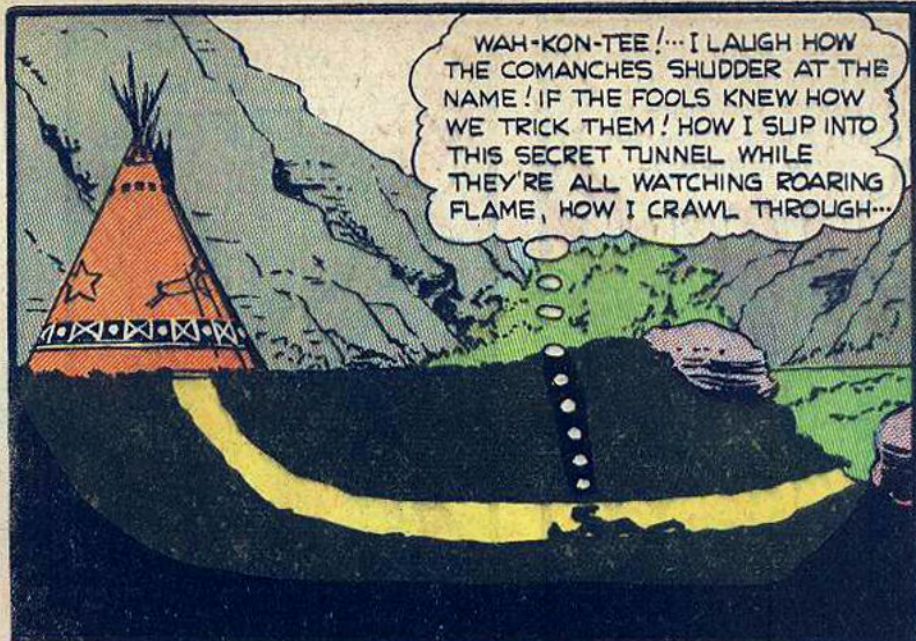
SOMEONE'S HOODWINKING THE CHIEF! SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR STRAIGHT ARROW!



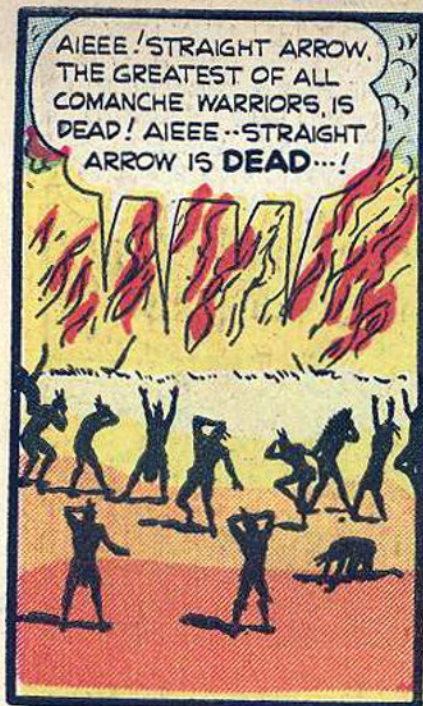








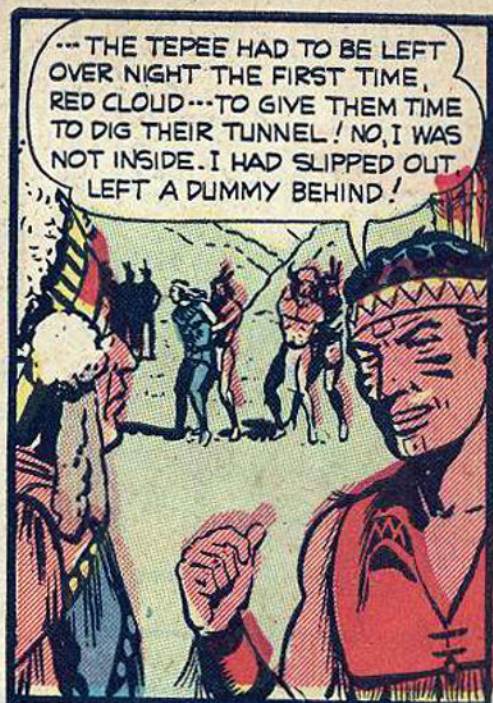




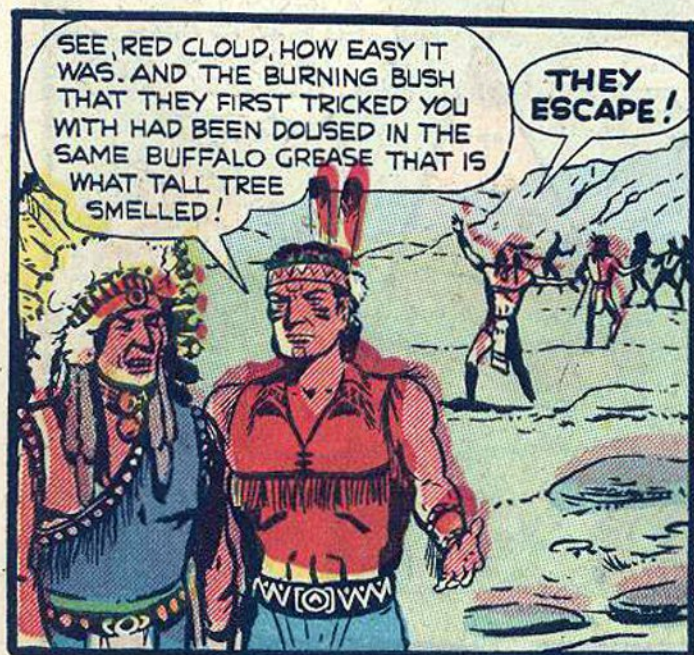
AIEEE! STRAIGHT ARROW, THE GREATEST OF ALL COMANCHE WARRIORS, IS DEAD! AIEEE... STRAIGHT ARROW IS DEAD...!



I LIVE! HERE, HOLD THIS VULTURE!

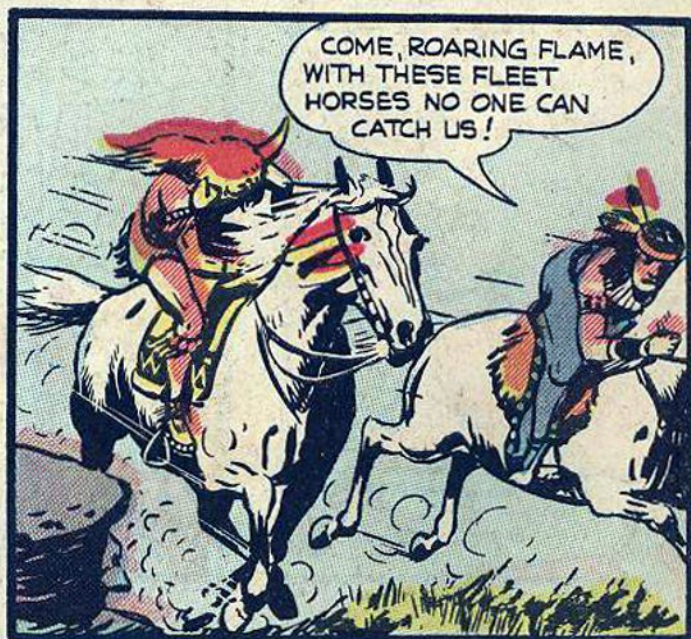


... THE TEPEE HAD TO BE LEFT OVER NIGHT THE FIRST TIME, RED CLOUD... TO GIVE THEM TIME TO DIG THEIR TUNNEL! NO, I WAS NOT INSIDE. I HAD SLIPPED OUT LEFT A DUMMY BEHIND!

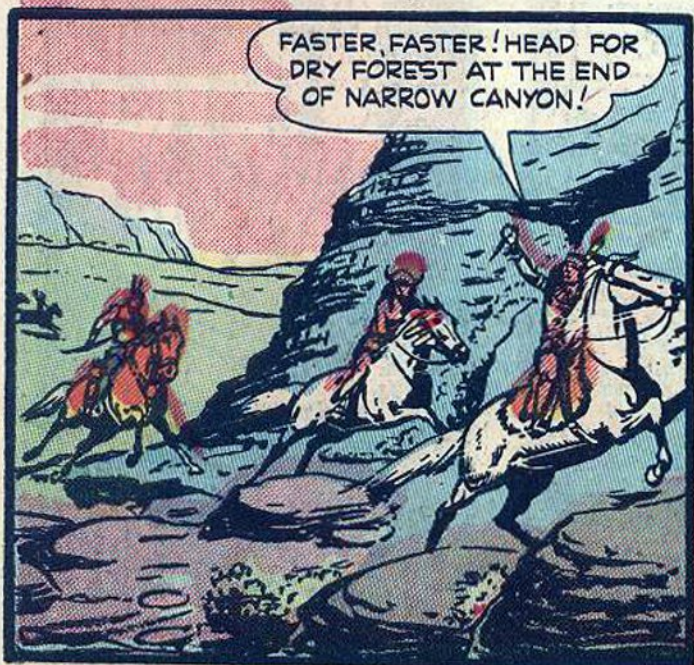


SEE, RED CLOUD, HOW EASY IT WAS. AND THE BURNING BUSH THAT THEY FIRST TRICKED YOU WITH HAD BEEN DOUSED IN THE SAME BUFFALO GREASE THAT IS WHAT TALL TREE SMELLED!

THEY ESCAPE!



COME, ROARING FLAME, WITH THESE FLEET HORSES NO ONE CAN CATCH US!



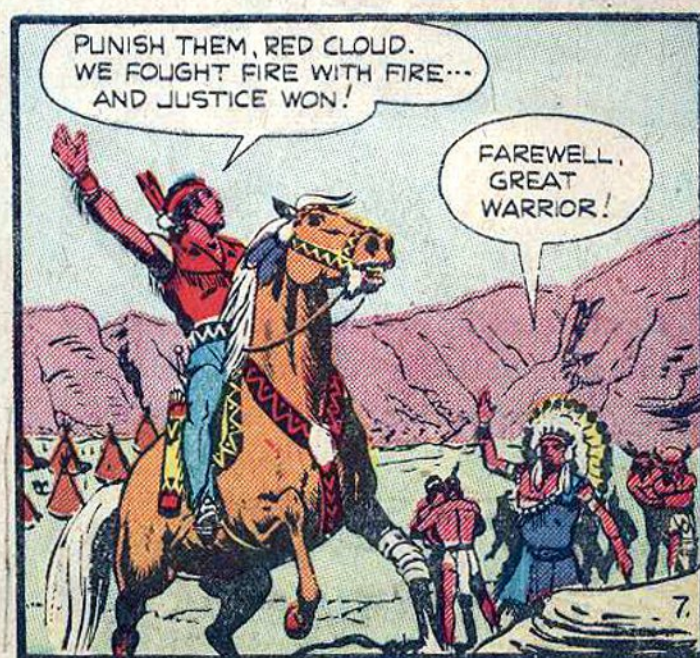
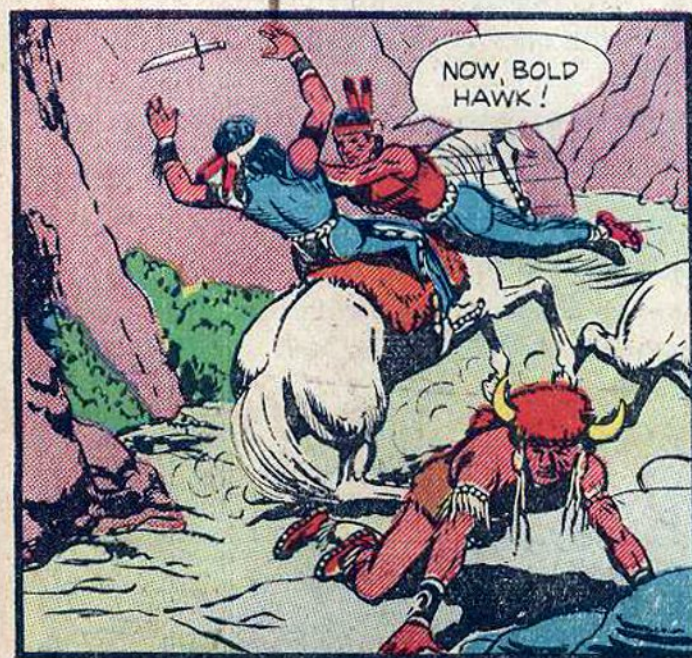
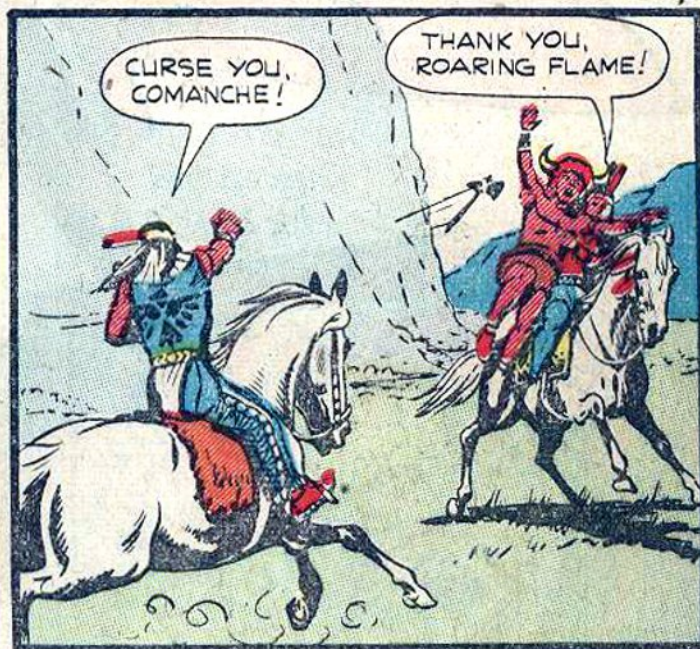
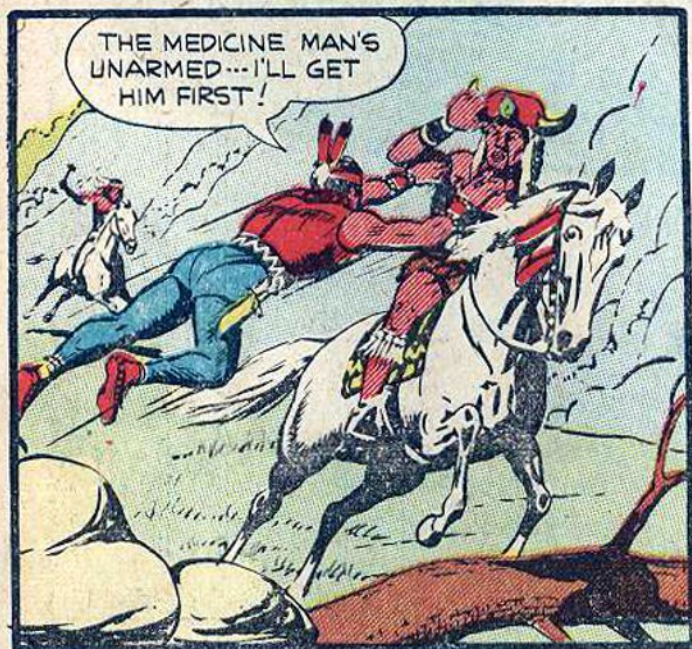
FASTER, FASTER! HEAD FOR DRY FOREST AT THE END OF NARROW CANYON!



FASTER, GREAT STEED, FAST... LIGH! A GOPHER HOLE!

HA!  
HA!  
HA!







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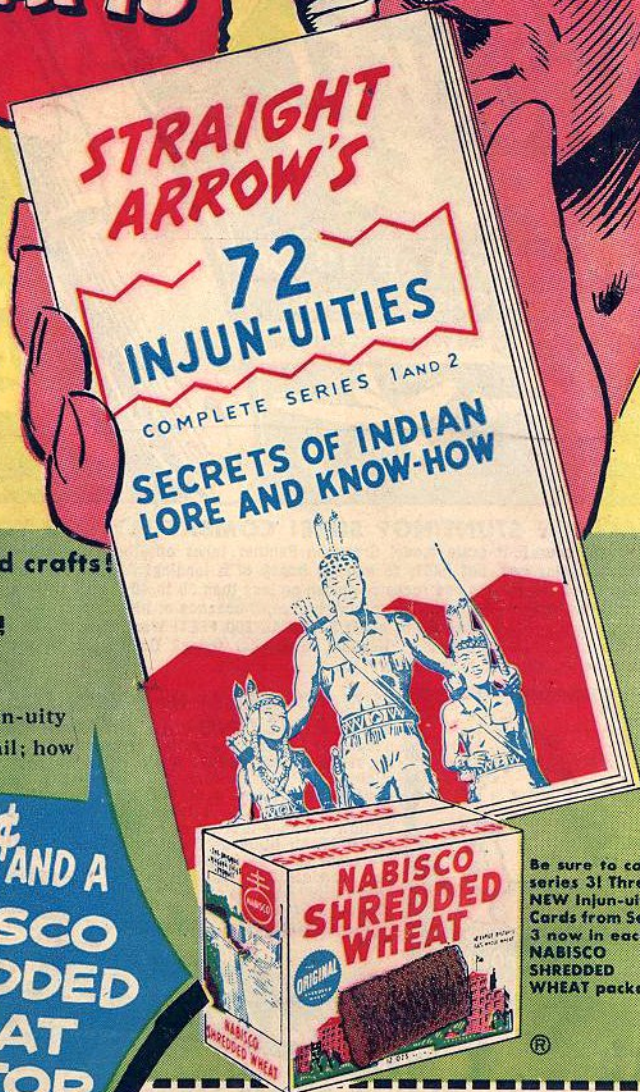
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